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PEACE.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

Peace beginning to be
 Deep as the sleep of the sea
 When the stars their faces glass
 In its blue tranquillity ;
 Hearts of men upon earth
 Never once still from their birth,
 To rest as the wild waters rest
 With the colors of heaven on their breast !

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
 Age by age to increase,
 Till anger and hatred are dead,
 And sorrow and death shall cease ;
 " Peace on earth and good will ! "
 Souls that are gentle and still
 Hear the first music of this
 Far-off, infinite bliss !

THE BEGINNING OF A MODERN MISSIONARY.

The following is the Christian experience of Edward P. Holton, being a paper read by him at a Congregational Council in Everett, Mass., May 14, 1891, preparatory to his ordination as a missionary to Madura, India, which took place the same day.

"By the grace of God I am what I am." —1 Cor. xv. 10.

It was His grace that gave me my birth into a Christian home, that grace has saved me from becoming what I would have made myself, and it has brought me before you to-day. For whatever of merit that there may be in me, to God be the praise.

My parents were home missionaries in Southern Illinois when I was born; a year or so later they moved East, and from my third year until I went away to college, eight years ago, my home was in this town. My earliest childhood memories centre about this house of God. I was early brought into the habit of regular church and Sabbath-school attendance,—my father always setting his children the example—even to the morning of his death. He was a man of intense convictions and was fearless and frank in making them known, but withal so courteous and gentlemanly that all who knew him honored and respected him.

Although God, in His wisdom, saw fit to take my father home to Himself before I had completed my tenth year, his memory is still fresh and distinct in my mind; his scholarly attainments, his gentle, helpful life, and, above all, his earnest, humble Christian devotion have ever since been incentives leading me on and up to the best thought and action.

I feel to-day I am following just the course in life that he would have had me take, had he been spared to counsel me in the choice of my life's work. Indeed, I have much for which to thank God in my memories of my father.

I cannot speak too highly of my mother and the untiring efforts she has made in order to supply the father's place for her children and to give them the same careful Christian training that he had with her begun. On his death she at once took up the conduct of daily family-worship, which has been of inestimable value, to one of her boys at least, in resisting the great temptations peculiar to boyhood, and it has fitted him, as nothing else

could, for the duties of Christian living. Her example has always been in harmony with her precepts, and she has inspired her children with a love for the true, the pure and the upright.

So far as the cares of her household permitted she has always attended the regular services of our church; not in a careless nor a critical manner, but ever seeking to get from her worship here that which should help her to make her life and her home as much as possible such as God would have them to be. She has spared no efforts or expense, that have been within her means, to give her children the most thorough education and the best possible preparation for lives of Christian usefulness. All the greater credit is due her for this, because it has been with her a definite act of consecration.

She dedicated her children to the Lord in their infancy; she has lived for their welfare and for the fulfilment of the promises she made for them at their baptism. Surely, I have much to thank God for in my noble Christian mother. Growing up in such a family, taught from my earliest childhood to pray at my mother's knee, and as I grew older, to join in the family devotions of Scripture reading, singing and prayer,—it is no wonder that I do not remember the time when I did not believe in God as my Heavenly Father and in Jesus as my Saviour.

I do not mean by that to intimate that I was a *good* boy, nor that my boyhood was "one sweet psalm of praise," for it was not. It was a quick-tempered, pugnacious boyhood, as full of mischief and petty depredation as it well could be with the strict home training and watchfulness. Being small for my years and fond of books and study, I was thrown among boys of a larger growth and early heard much that was questionable.

Again, I was often incited by my larger companions into many daring acts of mischief from which I did not always escape unharmed. However, in all my boyhood, I do not remember ever having used profanity, and I listened to very little of the low, coarse talk that was to be heard if one wished to listen. My pure home training and my mother's face always rose up before me and made such talk to me full of disgust. One evil habit I early acquired however, that of untruthfulness; it was, I think, largely through my cowardly fear of corporal punishment that was sure to follow the discovery of my many misdeeds. My father's strict discipline only strengthened the habit until it got so great control over me that for years it has required the greatest effort to resist the sudden temptations to take the flimsy shelter of a lie, spoken or acted. Not always has the temptation been resisted, but a confession of the wrong, when I have committed one, has done much to aid me to overcome, and to strengthen my love for perfect honesty, frankness and sincerity. It is with shame that I allude to this great weakness of my childhood and the vice of my later years, but it represents to me a long continued struggle of which perhaps but few of my friends have been aware.

One other struggle I must confess, that for the mastery of a morose, sullen temper. Not one that was quick to blaze up in resentment and equally quick to frankly confess its wrong and seek forgiveness, the fault of a generous nature; it was a moody disposition which was ready to suspect intended slights or insults, and when once aroused was hard to be appeased. It has often caused those that were most dear to me great pain and sorrow, while I myself have been most keenly sensible to its unchristlikeness.